



THE SABBATH-BREAKER

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· LIFE ·

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Simplex

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OR COULD BE SAID OF
EFFICIENCY AND EXCEL-
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ACTUALLY AND VISIBLY
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SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY 60 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY



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Shade of Beau Brummel: EGAD! WHAT NEXT?

The Post Is Stringing Us

Just what is it, asks the *Evening Post*, that in the short space of eighteen months has transformed the President from one urging the utmost conservatism in naval matters into a man out-Heroding Herod in pushing us into staggering naval expenditures?

IF the *Post* considers the last eighteen months a short space it is a bad judge of time. Measured by what has happened, it is a period long enough to justify any change of attitude.

The *Post* has probably read the papers for the last two years. If it wants further and confidential information about the reasons for a bigger navy, it is a pleasure to suggest that possibly the President began to suspect that Mr. Daniels was not a popular head for the navy, and felt the need of doing something to help him out.

But even the *Post* must know better reasons than that for strengthening our navy. The main one is that much too long already the British navy has been our reliance to maintain the Monroe Doctrine and protect us from mischief, and that it is time, and past time, that we relieved our good friend of this service and took measures to take care of ourselves.

The navy is our great national insurance. It should be proportionate in size to the property insured. No paper in the country ought to be better aware of that than the *New York Evening Post*.

V. HEINZ Vinegars

IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES
FILLED AND SEALED
IN THE HEINZ ESTABLISHMENT

One of the
57



VINEGARS are used to improve the flavor of other foods, and the superior quality of Heinz Vinegars for use with salads and cooked vegetables has long been recognized.

Heinz Vinegars are really responsible in a large measure for the superior flavors and appetizing qualities of Heinz Pickles, Relishes, Sauces and many other of the 57 Varieties.

These Vinegars are now placed on sale in sealed packages which insures to the housewife all their natural fine flavor and aroma as well as their original purity.

Heinz Malt Vinegar

Heinz White Salad Vinegar

Heinz Cider Vinegar

Also Spiced Salad and Tarragon Vinegars

All Heinz Vinegars may now be had in glass; pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ Pure Olive Oil

For delicious French dressing, use any Heinz vinegar with Heinz Pure Olive Oil and the seasoning you like best.



Such Olive Oil as this can be obtained only from fresh, ripe olives, made under Heinz conditions.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada



Life's Ticket

For the Dullest Political Campaign
In All History



The Donkey: Oh, well, it isn't my fault. I've done the worst I could. Besides, the Millennium Number of LIFE is coming on September seventh—something to look forward to.

In view of the fact that the next three months will contain little else but the speeches of presidential candidates, would it not be well for you to make sure in advance of obtaining regularly some weekly relief in the form of wit, humor, sanity and other mental delights? Do you, therefore, promise to love LIFE, honor this admonition, and obey that impulse by sending in one dollar (see coupon) for a three months' subscription?

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

48

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

There's
something
about them
you'll like



Twenty for
a Quarter

Herbert
Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 58 West 45th St. New York.

An Enemy

AN enemy is a man about whom you think you know so much that you would not admit that he has any good in him. You have started out with the idea that he is thoroughly bad, and standing upon that foundation, to admit that he is any good in any way would be a reflection upon your own intelligence.

Thus your enemy is of necessity a fixed quantity, his status being permanently supported by your own vanity.

There are moments when you weaken about this, and, with a show of liberality, say things which would indicate that you think there may be something favorable about him. But this is only done to make it appear that you are fair and that your judgment of him, considered as a whole, is correct. In this, of course, you are an arrant hypocrite.

Your real attitude toward your enemy, however, is based upon fear, and this is shown by the fact that you are extremely careful not to get near enough to him to know him better; or, if you do get near enough to him, you arrange matters so that you are as fully protected from understanding him as possible. To study him and discover the truth about him you realize, without knowing why, would be fatal, because there is always the

possibility that, under these circumstances, he would no longer be an enemy. You, therefore, bow to the law of self-preservation and make sure that you keep yourself in ignorance of him.

Your enemy, therefore, is a person that you hate from motives of vanity, fear and ignorance. To consider him rationally would be to make your revenge against him so complete that it would be unwise for you to attempt it; because then you would eliminate him from your consciousness, and

this is the last thing you wish to do.

An enemy is an illusion. He exists purely for your own purposes. He has no objective existence for anybody else. If you doubt this, mention his name to anyone else, and unless you stated to them that he was your enemy, no one else would know it.

DON'T talk politics in hot weather.

Spend that time and energy in showing your newsdealer that you are a foresighted and thrifty person by giving him a standing order for LIFE.



DO YOURS LOOK LIKE THESE?

Brown-faced, vigorous, healthy youngsters—sickness never troubles them.

Do yours look like these?

Or does constipation, the chief foe to a healthy childhood, handicap them and make them the prey of the many ills that less sturdy little folk are heir to?

NUJOL is particularly valuable for relieving constipation in children, as well as in grown-ups because it doesn't upset the stomach, cause diarrhoea or form a habit. It acts as a simple internal lubricant, encouraging and facilitating the natural activity of the bowels.

Your druggist has NUJOL. Avoid substitutes and imitations. Sold in pint bottles only.

Dept. 15

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey



"ARE YOUR TWINS VERY BOISTEROUS?"
"NO, GIRLSTEROUS."

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below

Name.....Address.....City.....State.....

TIMKEN

ROLLER BEARINGS



What's *Under* the Hub Cap?

Any good anti-friction bearing can give satisfactory service at certain points in a motor car, but a vital question to the car owner is—*What's Under the Hub Cap?*

There is a vast difference between the tests that bearings have to meet on the fan shaft of a motor or the stem gear of the transmission and those which they *must meet* in the hubs of the wheels.

Under the hub caps, the bearings in your car fight the forces of weight from above and pressure from the side. Resilient springs and deep upholstery cushion the road shocks for the occupants of the car, but the bearings in the wheels must take them for hours without relief. Every cobblestone, rut and car track delivers its blow with the force of a sledge hammer.

Will the bearings in your car measure up to this test?

Some bearings can.

Timken Bearings do—

And the proof of that statement lies in the fact that one hundred and fifty-nine makers of motor cars—pleasure and commercial—put Timken Bearings under their hub caps.

Long before the first motor car was built Timken Bearings were used in the hubs of heavy horse-drawn vehicles, and they made good because the basic principles of their design (which have never been changed) enabled them to resist the forces that caused other bearings to wear out.

Timken Bearings have proven their ability to stand the punishment no wheel bearings can escape. But there are still other places where good bearings are equally essential—fully as important. On the pinion shaft and at the differential where gears must be held in perfect mesh and shafts in true alignment—in the transmission through which full power must come to the rear axle. Here, too, you need Timken Bearings.

Send for Booklet J-2, "The Companies Timken Keeps." Know what cars use Timken Bearings—where they are and how many they have. You may have this book free together with another book on the "Care and Character of Bearings" which will give you even a better understanding of the question, "What's Under the Hub Cap?"

*There are many sizes of Timken Bearings—
but only one quality.*



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio





The Dragon

TRUMPETS of steel, ye knights of Normandy!
 Ye ringing men of Crécy and Poitiers,
 The world is hanging on your swords to-day.
 The very font and throne of Chivalry
 The Beast hath gained; no man, nor men, but he
 The Prussian Juggernaut, contrived to slay
 The little smiles of women, the sweet play
 Of free-born babes, comes blind in his agony.

He comes, he comes, the Thing the Devil made,
 To take you for his shambles and his forge;
 The self-damned Creed that, knowing light, essayed
 To grip the sun and blacken it. His gorge
 Yawns smoking. Then, by Our Lady of the
 Blade,
 Strike ye for God, St. Michael and St. George!

Earl Simonson.



THE LINE OF DESCENT

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1915, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$157,495.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 37,778 poor city children. The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$6,696.92
M. A. R.	1.00
George Wood McArthur	5.00
Rowena and Donald Harwood	5.00
"17 Battery Place"	100.00
Wm. P. Clyde	100.00
Memory A. R. M.	6.44
Wm. O. Morse	5.00
J. E. E.	15.00
Lena Cockrill	5.00
In memory of Mother	10.00
John Barker Waite	5.00
Albert S. Hoyt	50.00
Ruth P. Newell	15.00
Proceeds of a play and entertainment given by Marjory White, Elma and Virginia Jungren, Beatrice Page, Anna Bright, Vivian Hartman, Edith Cook, Iris Veyer, Alan and Billie Burroughs, Alan Schlessinger, Almon Page, Edward Doane, Bertrand Hartman and Harry McConnell	6.00
Walter B. Sanders	10.00
E. F.	5.00
"Biddy and Baby"	20.00
"Southampton"	15.00
P. F. B.	20.00
K. C. C.	25.00

\$7,120.36

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Twelve games of "Serso" from F. C. Fockelmann, New York.

Little Speeches for Great Occasions

Upon Being Graduated from a Modern University

PROFESSORS, Regents of the University and Members of the Flintfellow Foundation: As I stand here with the coveted sheepskin in my grasp, a feeling of great bewilderment steals over me. I have spent four years of my life in this institution, and all I get out of it is a piece of parchment tied with a blue ribbon.

When I entered the university I was a bright, hopeful, normal boy with a real eagerness to learn. I had an overweening desire to take the world apart and see what made it tick. Instead, I was made to dissect passages in the Faery Queene and read thirty lines of Milton a day. As a consequence I despise the Faery Queene and dread Milton. These two emotions are the only results I have had from my college education, which cost my parents between five and ten thousand dollars to obtain for me.

I realize, however, that any real in-



YOU CAN'T DO IT, WOODROW

struction in the real affairs of life would be impossible. The Flintfellow Foundation, I know, controls the money that controls the institutions that control the thought of the country. It would be ridiculous to suppose that this Foundation, headed

as it is by a man whose power depends upon the public ignorance, would ever consent to genuine education upon the part of the rising generation. Still, I wish I had gone into a shoe store. There are more facts in shoes than there are in sheepskins. I thank you.



She: PAPA SAYS THAT UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE MONEY YOU CANNOT MARRY ME.
He: BUT IF I MARRY YOU I DO KNOW HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

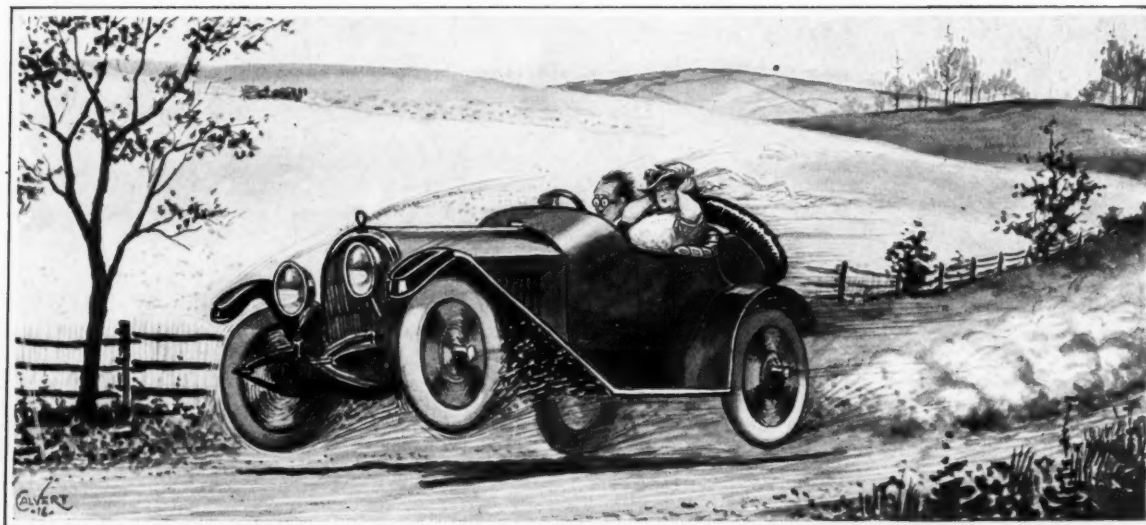
A New Function

ONE of the great difficulties with our American system of doing things is that we never go far enough. We shall probably be content in the future to select an occasional presidential candidate from the Supreme Court, and let it go at that.

What ought to be done, of course, is to make the Supreme Court a sort of holding company for presidential candidates. Interpreting the Constitution is an obsolete affair, anyway. The Constitution has been interpreted so much that it gets almost hysterical when anybody from the Supreme Court draws near. Nobody even wants to do such a thing any more. The Constitution, long since retired from active business, ought to be left alone to dwell in obscurity, just as if it were one long Vice-President.

Inasmuch as interpreting the Constitution was the only function of the Supreme Court, it is obvious that Mr. Hughes was selected just in the nick of time to give us the opportunity of preserving it for this new function, if enough interest in the idea can be aroused.

Hereafter, members of the Supreme Court should be appointed with the sole idea of using them for Presidents. A member of the Supreme Court has to remain more or less silent. This will be almost unbearable, of course, while he is waiting to run for President, but he can, as Mr. Hughes has done, employ his spare time in inventing a number of highly original expressions to use during his campaign, such as, "I am an American," "Our flag waves over a united people," "It looks like rain," "I believe in honesty of purpose," "America is a great country," etc.



"GEE WHIZ, MARY, I CAN'T STOP THE ENGINE!"
 "OH, GEORGE! AND GASOLINE SO HIGH!"

Homelike

DASHER: How did you enjoy your vacation?

JEROME: Fine; the hotel where I put up didn't seem like a strange place at all. It had all the discomforts of home.



A TERRIBLE REVENGE
 IF HE ISN'T ELECTED

How to Get Money

PERHAPS the best way to get money is to inherit it. This usually requires no brains, skill, trouble or special aptitude on the part of the recipient. Neither does it involve any obligations of an embarrassing nature. In this respect it has a distinct advantage over getting money by marriage.

Getting money by marriage is of course tremendously popular and most authorities unhesitatingly recommend it as the best method next to inheriting, but the fact remains that it involves many pitfalls. The wife or husband who brings the money to you may turn out to be considerable of a nuisance and therefore decidedly annoying to have hanging around. This confronts one with the very difficult task of getting rid of the said husband or wife without at the same time getting rid of the said all-important money. The invention of alimony has served to obviate this difficulty somewhat so far as the female sex is concerned, but there is still no satisfactory outlet short of murder for poor men with rich and unattractive wives, and murder unquestionably has its perils.

Another excellent way to get money is to have a piece of property, which has been a great burden to you, and which you have been unable to get rid of at any price, suddenly turn out to be immensely valuable because of a big public improvement in the vicinity or the movement of business in that direction. This method, however, requires a certain amount of initial capital and perhaps a modicum of judgment.

THE deadliest weapon in the world is the good-natured smile.



THE END OF A PERFECT (LOG) DAY

A Short Sermon for Men



THE feminist of to-day might be justified in concluding that the wisdom of Solomon was chiefly displayed in the number of wives he maintained. He was not sufficiently trivial to have collected them for the mere purposes of diversion. A varied assortment was evidently necessary to satisfy the needs of his manifold nature. And a purely chivalrous consideration for the limitations of the individual woman must have induced him to multiply her, indefinitely, in his domestic scheme.

Solomon was a wise man, but above all, a gentleman. Unlike the modern male, he was too sensible and too just to expect one feminine gem to fill all the facets of his infinite requirements. For it is a self-evident fact that the more civilized a man becomes, the more barbarous and omnivorous are his demands.

The average husband requires beauty, but he makes no allowance for its cultivation. He forgets that leisure, rest, change, freedom from care, are all necessary to its preservation and perpetuation.

His wife must be physically strong, but she must also possess the clinging quality of the parasite and the delicacy of the odalisque. She must have brains, but her reasoning powers must

never become sufficiently acute to question either his actions or his statements. Humor should be one of her characteristics, but it must be limited to an appreciation of his own particular brand of jokes. Her moral strength must be sufficient to resist her own temptations, and at the same time she must be broad and liberal enough to excuse and overlook his derelictions and obliquities.

While denying her an intellectual equality, he expects her to solve, in her own narrowed province, domestic and economic problems which would have staggered the genius of an Archimedes. She must patiently submit herself to his caprices, whims, moods and tempers, but he deprecates the "cunning" and "trickery" which are the inevitable outcome of any moral or financial dependence. These reprehensible qualities he considers peculiar to her sex, and not to her condition.

When he begins to compare her with other women, which he invariably and unconsciously does, as soon as the moon of honey has waned, he selects some one particular charm of a casual acquaintance, which his wife has failed to develop, and thereby falls into the specious fallacy of mistaking a part for the whole. When Mrs. A. appears in *chic* attire, the male observer assigns to the bird the credit due the feathers, and overlooks the fact that friend husband may have been frisked to pay the bills. When Mrs. B. has had the leisure to cram for a discussion of the latest war news, or the last best-seller, it never occurs to the

Bulletin No. 23460
A hot breakfast next week (perhaps).
Dinner is discontinued until further notice.
Coffee is prohibited. Bad for the nerves.
For lunch—cold raw cactus and sand.
Don't OVER-EAT. Don't drink any water.
Be patient. We expect plenty of food by October or November.
Commissary Dept.
U. S. Congress.



OUR MILITIA



GREAT AMERICANS

A. HOLLOHEDD DUBBE, THE WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY REPORTER, WHO WRITES SUCH FRIGHTFULLY BULLY THINGS

neutral admirer that her kitchen or her nursery may have been neglected. Or when Mrs. C. sings like a diva, he forgets that another voice to which he once loved to listen has lost its sweetness and volume through the lack of culture.

No, we must all admit that Solomon's view of the matter was sensible, if comprehensive. When he said to Mrs. Solomon No. 1, "Rise up, my

love, my fair one, and come away' with me to a cabaret or a 'movie,'" he was reasonably sure that she had the togs to go in, and that Mrs. S. No. 2 would be at her post of duty, washing the supper dishes and putting the babies to bed. When he informed Mrs. S. No. 3 that her eyes were "dove's eyes," that her lips were "like a thread of scarlet," and her teeth "a flock of sheep coming up from

the washing," he neither knew nor cared whether she could swap views with him concerning the probabilities of Hughes' election or the situation in Mexico. He deferred the consideration of these matters until he could discuss them with Mrs. S. No. 4, who wore glasses and did her hair in a peanut. And when he felt disposed to enlarge upon the Barbizon School, or the Futurists, with Mrs. S. No. 6, who cultivated artistic leanings, he did so with the calm assurance that Mrs. S. No. 7 was wrestling with the grocery bills and wondering how many "pieces" she could afford to send to the laundry.

Solomon was the great specialist in wives, and we feel assured that they suffered less from brain fag than does the solitary modern mate who is striving to keep up in the procession, look after her home, maintain her social status, attend to little Willie's nose and tummy and satisfy big Willie's multifarious and changing ideals and yearnings.

"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

Sallie Pate Steen.

THE injustice of society in distributing its rewards is exactly equalled by its injustice in inflicting punishments.



A SET OF SHAKESPEARE

The Eternal Mystery

REASON and Sentiment met and talked it over.

"What I cannot understand," said Reason, "is why this war should ever have taken place, not only against my desire and repeated warning, but against my positive commands."

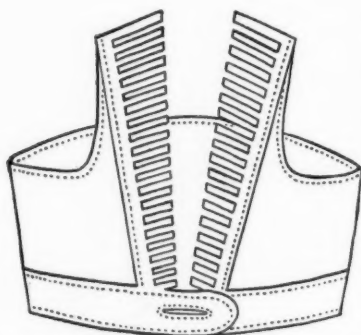
"Why should they consider you?" replied Sentiment. "I believe the record would show that I am more powerful than you are, but they did not consider me."

"I ought to be fair," said Reason, thoughtfully. "Much as my pride is hurt by your statement, I suppose, as a matter of fact, that you are correct. Singular as it seems to me, you are more powerful. But consider, my friend, our combined influence—both of us were as nothing against this war fever."

"What is your opinion about it?" asked Sentiment. "Frankly, I am not able to judge. At mere sight of it all I am carried away by my feelings."

Reason reflected.

"The more I meditate upon it," he said, "the more I begin to realize that I myself am a mere chimera—a sort of illusion, which, in times of peace, men play with only to cast aside at the first ruthless opportunity. So much has fallen off the face of things since this war began. Men and women have suddenly, as I looked at them, reverted to the primitive. They appear stark naked, mere savages, clutching at each other's throats. Everything that was worth while—culture, art, beauty—has



THE NEWEST IDEA IN MEN'S COLLARS
THE "HUGHES"
WITH WHISKER-COMBING ATTACHMENT



JUST "WARMING UP"

lost its substance. The world is full of empty forms."

"Ah!" replied Sentiment, clasping her hands, "those things have perhaps not had the same value for me as for you. I understand, though faintly, what you mean. And yet, although my heart has been torn, my whole existence threatened and set back, I know that I still live."

"You are immortal," said Reason, sadly. "As for me—"

He stopped. They were both conscious of a new presence beside them—a subtle, powerful, resistless force. Reason viewed the impalpable Presence coldly.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"You are so good at definition, perhaps you can give me a name."

"Possibly," said Sentiment, unconsciously shrinking away from the newcomer. "You are the War Spirit—the uncontrolled demon that makes men kill each other."

Reason, absorbed in thought, searched the vague form of the stranger.

"I quote," he said at last, "from one of the keenest historical observers of the present time. He says in his book*:

"First of all, let me remind you that in human life as a whole, there are always elements and forces, there are always motives and ideals, which defy the analysis of reason—

(*Germany and England, by J. A. Cramb, M.A., New York. E. P. Dutton, 1914.)

mysterious and dark faces. Man shall not live by bread alone! And in war this element constantly tends to assert itself. It assumes forms that are sometimes dazzling in their beauty; sometimes are wrapt in a kind of transcendental wonder; sometimes, in appearance at least, are simply utilitarian, or chimerical, or fanatic."

"Tell me. Are you that unknown being?"

Reason waited. The stranger inclined sternly toward the distant horizon, from which clouds of smoke were lifted and a vast horde of human beings could be seen struggling with each other amid the flames of villages and cathedrals, the shouts of battle, trampling, in their cruel absorption, upon the countless forms of stricken women and children.

"You ask me," replied the form, "who I am. I defy you to tell. I am the necessity that knows no law, the grim arbiter of nations, the spirit of fate, the ruthless moloch of the ages; I am—"

There was a slight pause. Then the form, before the eyes of astonished Reason and terrified Sentiment, slowly began to change, and, as in the distance the shouts of battle and blood and carnage faded away and a vista of smiling, fruitful meadows with quiet horses at the plow and sweet women in doorways, nursing their children, succeeded, it was slowly transformed into a grave, calm, beautiful being smiling upon them like a benediction.

"Peace!"

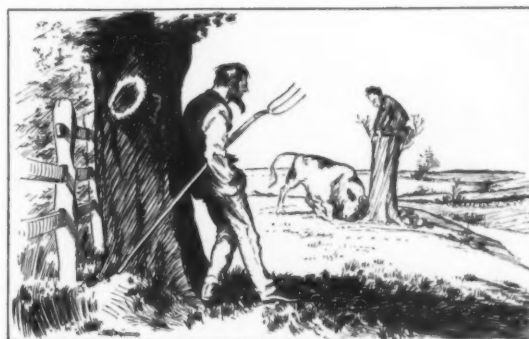


THE INEFFICIENT CLERK

Neutrality

IT is not that our fathers' English blood
Burns in us now that England bleeds; 'tis not
Friendship for France nor pity for the lot
Of Belgium buried in invasion's flood
That scorns neutrality, but there's a flame
Hot in the hearts of men whose spirits live
Blazing for faith and freedom. Who can give
His soul the lie and wear a neutral's name
With worlds at stake? Be blind and dumb,
To murder mild-eyed and to rapine numb—
A senseless nothing! Who dares say we must
Be neutral? To the Lusitania's shame?
Neutral to Edith Cavell's martyr fame?
Neutral—with Belgium broken in the dust!

WHEN a rich man announces that he is for Wilson it is in order for him to explain. But if he says he is for Hughes no explanation is needed.



"HELLO THERE! AIN'T YOU THE YOUNG FELLER THAT SOLD ME SOME MINING STOCK WHEN I WAS IN THE CITY TWO YEARS AGO? WELL, I'LL JUST LET YE STAY THERE TILL IT GETS BACK TO PAR."

In Defense of Children

THOUGH parents think their children rude,
Especially about their food,

And call their table manners low,
I really have not found them so.

I never yet have known a boy,
From Skaneateles to Troy,

From Sacramento to New York,
Who took his porridge with a fork;

Nor any girl beneath the moon
Who managed mince-pie with a spoon;

Nor any child, in all my life,
That ate its ice-cream with a knife!

Arthur Guiterman.

MRS. WILLIS: What is all this political talk about?

MR. WILLIS: I'm surprised at your ignorance. They are electing a President, a servant of the people. This platform that you hear about is a list of his recommendations. Would you care to read it?

MRS. WILLIS: No, thanks. When you have had as much experience hiring servants as I have, you'll know just about how much the average recommendation is worth.



Green Caddie: THAT WAS A DANDY, MISTER. RIGHT IN THE BACK O' TH' NECK!



A CLOSE CALL

Mr. Mosquito: GEE, BILL! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THIS POSITION. THAT PESKY GERMAN SEEMS TO BE GETTING THE RANGE.

An Invention of Questionable Value

A MILWAUKEE inventor has invented a push-button device to record ayes and noes at roll-call; and he claims that Congress can save two months per session by making use of his invention. Such a statement comes perilously near to being a good reason why the nation will never consent to allow Congress to adopt this push-button device. In the two months which Congress saved by such means, it would find opportunity to spoil hundreds of extra sheets of expensive white paper in the *Congressional Record*, waste many more millions of the nation's money in authorizing marble court houses for unpainted pine villages on the sun-baked prairies, disseminate oppressive quantities of hot air, antagonize several more foreign nations by ignorant and asinine legislation, and display its lack of patriotism by sidetracking bills for national defense in order to obtain an uninterrupted opportunity to wallow in the pork barrel. If the Milwaukee inventor wishes to become wealthy on his push-button invention, he should be more guarded in his claims.

?



For the best single title (in twenty words or less) that fits both these pictures LIFE will pay \$500.

Manuscripts should be addressed to
The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st Street,
New York.



Conditions of the Contest

The title, with sub-title, in prose or verse or in whatever form submitted, must not exceed twenty words. By "best" is meant that title which, combining wit, humor and originality, is applicable not only to each picture, but to both. No quotations will be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of competitors, plainly written on the same sheet.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE's office not later than Monday, October 2, 1916. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within two weeks from October 2 a check for \$500 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of November 2.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to everyone.

If the winning answer is duplicated, the prize will also be duplicated.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the title which, in their judgment, is the most deserving, and will debar any contribution not conforming to these conditions.

The earlier you get your answer in the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

To an Unborn Child

DEAR Young Friend:

We are taking the liberty of dropping you a line, to caution you against certain families into which you might unwittingly introduce yourself. Remember, it is highly important just where you are born.

Avoid New York if possible; a miscalculation of a few streets would cause you untold trouble all of your mundane life; you might either have to spend your early years in sewing on buttons in a horrid place sanctioned by the authorities, called a sweatshop, or you might become the son of a millionaire and develop a case of ennui from which you would never recover.

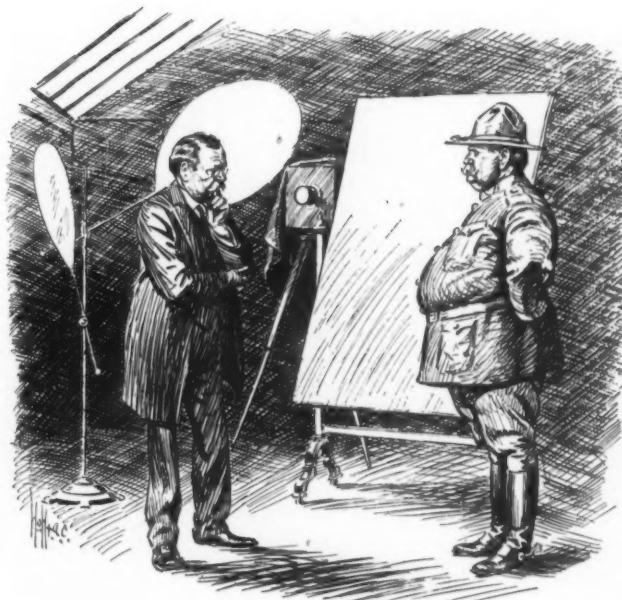
Even if you are born out in the country you are not safe; you are liable at any moment to be picked up by a canning factory or a cotton mill.

Before being born, we suggest that you subscribe to some of our papers and periodicals. By reading them closely you will learn much to your possible disadvantage, in case you happen to be born wrong; you will learn what families to avoid.

It is possible, however, that, after looking over the field in advance in this manner, you will decide not to be born at all. With an intelligent person like yourself we can easily conceive the possibility of such a decision.

In which case we beg leave to offer our congratulations in advance.

REASON is the frost in the Garden of Dreams.



Photographer: ER—DON'T YOU THINK PERHAPS WE'D BETTER MAKE IT JUST A HEAD AND SHOULDERS, COLONEL?

Tagore Is Coming

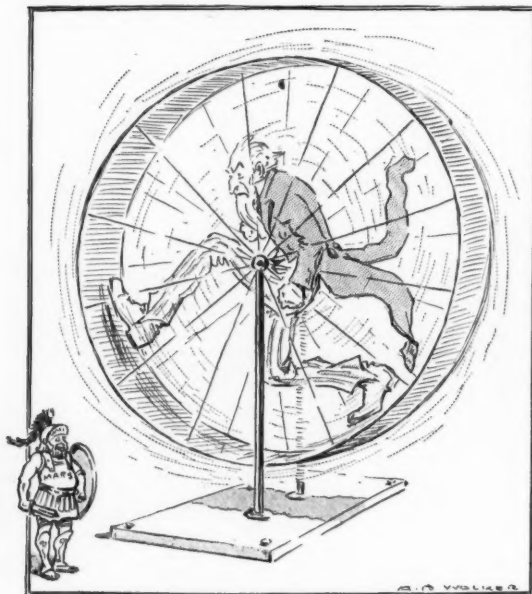
THE news that Rabindranath Tagore is coming to this country in the near future will be welcomed by a large audience of people who, up to the present moment, have never heard of the gentleman before. Such is the American disposition to create and develop overnight any visiting celebrity.

Mr. Tagore has been writing books now for some years. It was he who started the best-seller movement in India. We have seen his picture several times, and Mr. Tagore's dreamy eyes and his general look, as if he knew things we didn't even suspect, appeal to us strongly. In appearance he is not unlike a super-Hughes. He looks tall in his picture, but it may well be to the contrary, as sometimes in a photograph showing only head and shoulders, a little man not over five feet high looks like the Cardiff giant. Mr. Tagore is the only Oriental of the present generation who has succeeded in starting a cult so far off and bringing it up properly. Cults have been made in England, France and Germany, but not beyond the Hellespont. His cult is a genuine Simon-pure cult, warranted not to fade or shrink, and guaranteed to last for at least five years.

If Mr. Tagore has an iron constitution, and if his stomach holds out, he ought to have a good time with us.

If, while he is here, he can learn to play bridge, golf and poker, to write on the typewriter and drink cocktails, take a six weeks' course in journalism and become a member of the Authors' League, then he can go back to India and do something really permanent in literature.

EMOTION is to a woman what weather is to a sailor—a matter of life and death.



THE PREPAREDNESS MOVEMENT



She: WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY WHEN THEY SEE ME IN THIS SHORT SKIRT?

The Brute: THEY'LL PROBABLY SAY I MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY.

A Popular Preacher

(From the Brooklyn Banner of Monday, May 8, 1950)

REV. THEODORE SPRECHER, D.D., pastor of the Brooklyn Wireless Universorium, preached yesterday to an audience conservatively estimated at fifty million persons.

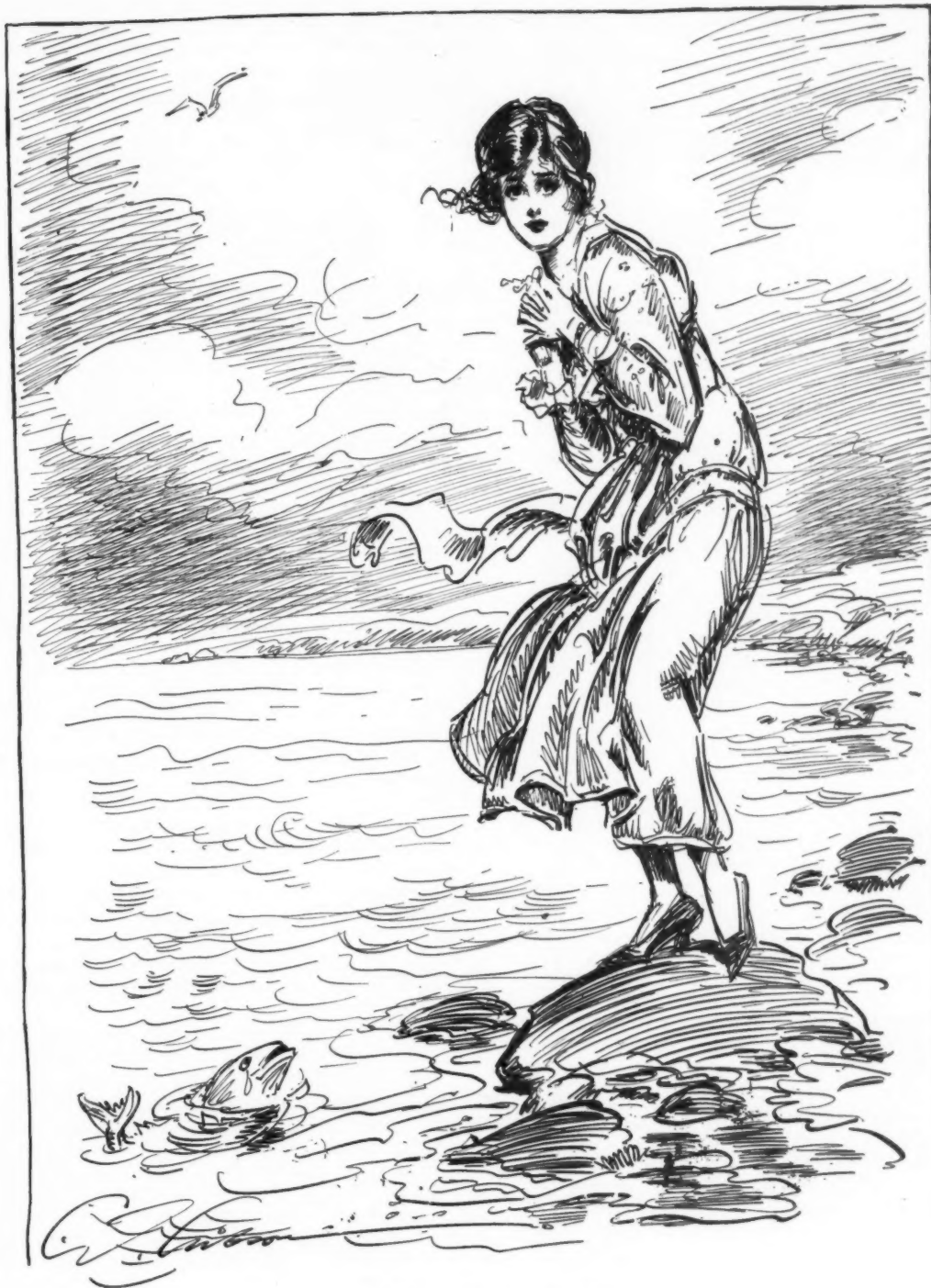
In addition to his own enthusiastic group of eighteen million subscribers, chiefly in Manhattan, Chicago and London, he addressed at the same time, by special invitation, *The Manhattan Monitor's* church of twenty-two millions, chiefly in the State of New York, but with important contingencies all over this country and Europe.

At the last minute there was added to his audience the ten million free listeners of the United Mission Boards of America, whose sermon service reaches the English-speaking converts of Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands. Dr. Brownlow, in Shanghai, was to have addressed the latter, but was prevented by a slight hoarseness which interfered with distinct articulation.

Dr. Sprecher's voice was in magnificent shape, and he was heard perfectly, even in Peking, where the cannon of the revolutionists made considerable disturbance.

The music of the occasion consisted of choruses furnished by the great Swedish choir in Lindsborg, Kansas, accompanied by the Himmelheim Orchestra of Munich.

The sermon was an eloquent plea for universal peace.



A SENTIMENTAL SUBMARINE



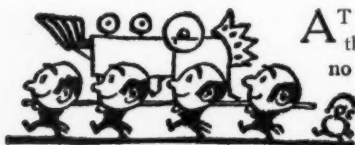
AUGUST 24, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

AT this writing there is as yet no railroad strike, and probably there will be none. A general strike that would tie up all the railroads would be altogether too bad. It will be necessary to avert it, and no doubt it will be averted.

To be sure, this same line of reasoning was employed two years ago to prove that a general European war would be too bad for all hands and could not be allowed to happen. All the same, it did happen, and, of course, the general railroad strike may happen.

The fact that produced the Great War in Europe was that Germany, under Prussian military organization, had come to be too strong and too cocky for the safety of Europe. So it is in these days with organizations. They seem to keep outgrowing the limits of their safety. Our various trusts and railroads combined and compelled interference, and now we see organized labor beginning to be plagued with this excess of strength which is really weakness.

It looks as if the Railway Brotherhoods, by the spread of their organizations, had come to be too strong and too cocky for the safety of the United States. To threaten a general railway strike is simply to take the country by the throat. With ordinary disputes between workmen and operators the concern of the country is hardly more than contemplative, but with a controversy that threatens to throttle it its concern is vital. It makes no difference whether the demands of the men are reasonable or not, the threat

to choke the country into compliance with them won't do. The country will no more lie down and let the Brotherhoods walk over it than Europe would lie down and become a road for Germans.

If the Brotherhoods strike we shall all be against them. If they strike they will attempt far more than to withdraw their labor from the roads. They will attempt to hold up the operation of properties worth many billions of dollars, and to control those properties until their demands are granted.

That won't do. We all want the railway men to have their dues, but we don't want them to determine first what their dues are and then to get them by the pressure of their thumbs on our windpipes. If we should let that happen our windpipes would never stay long clean of thumb marks.



BUT what can the men do except threaten to strike? By what other means have they any chance to get more pay or shorter hours?

We don't see any other effectual means.

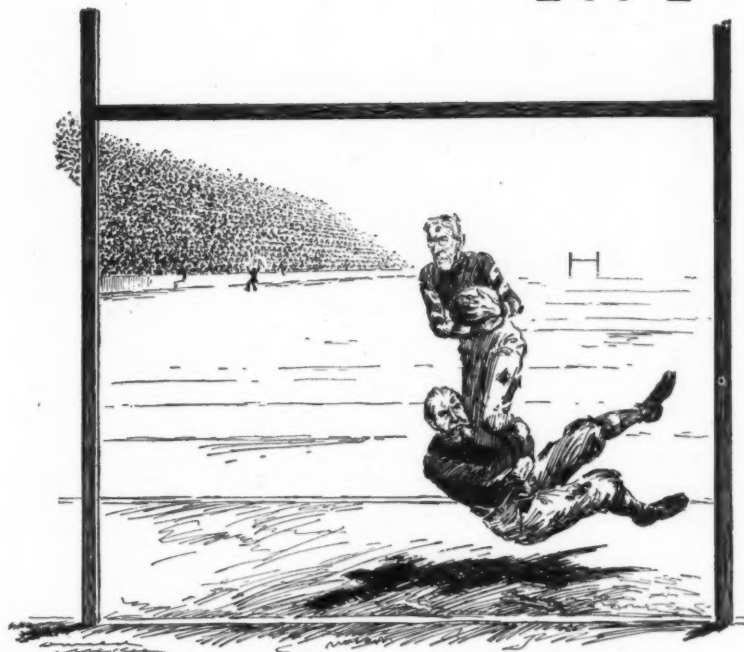
The upshot of the contemporary situation is that, since a general railroad strike is intolerable, there should be other means for the men to get what is coming to them.

And the most natural means would be to go to court with their demands, and the most natural court to go to is the one that fixes the railroad rates. So it looks as though government were

being gently but firmly led by the hand of events to go the rest of the way with the railroads, and, having come between them and their passengers and shippers, to come now between them and their hired help. To forbid the roads to raise rates and then deny them protection against a rise in wages is not fair. To permit the roads and their customers to fight out their differences has been considered unfair to the customers. To permit the roads and their employees to fight out their disputes is unfair to everybody and intolerably inconvenient. So the threatened strike looks like another hard job for Congress, and possibly like a new issue in the campaign, a new subject of discussion for Judge Hughes and a new law to be submitted presently to the consideration of the Supreme Court.



WHICH recalls the report that Chief Justice White objected to the use of New Justice Brandeis as a member of the Mexican Commission on the ground that the Supreme Court had its hands full, and the three new members especially should be permitted to give the whole of their minds to their new duties. The Chief Justice seemed to deprecate the intrusion of so much politics and outside activity into the Holy Place of American Law. Having just been bereaved of Mr. Hughes, taken in the fulness of his strength, it is natural that the Court should hang on to his substitute. For, after all, the Supreme Court is an important machine, out of which cogs should not be too freely borrowed, even in emergencies. Mr. Brandeis has been talked of as a possible factor in the settlement of the railroad troubles. He is a handy man, and the President likes the way his mind works and would doubtless be glad to have him fill several offices. But he will have to curb this inclination, if he has it, and leave Mr. Brandeis to school his active spirit in the proprieties and employments that befit a judge.



"The muddled oafs at the goals"
Kipling's "Five Nations"

For the world is going to need people who are qualified by abilities, practice and detachment to say final words in determining what's what. Human habits are in an extraordinary condition of flux. Take the railroad situation and the threatened strike! All the great disturbances that are proceeding in the world have a bearing on it. Our government, for example, could not, and would not, permit stoppage of trains that convey our faithful militiamen to the border and supply them there. And as for the war in Europe, nobody can predict with any confidence what effect it is going to have on the labor market. The Black Death doubled, trebled or quadrupled wages in Europe, and naturally, for in some countries (England for one) half the people died. Nothing like so large a proportion of the people of the fighting countries will die of the war—except, possibly, in Poland and Armenia—but the losses will be very large, and even now the wages for unskilled labor have doubled in this country, and men who got one dollar and fifty cents two years ago get three dollars now for an eight-hour day. If

all our floating Europeans go home to repair their premises and due proportion of our young men are called to the Colors to discourage the intrusion of yellow and other people, our railroads in a year or two may be paying wages like so many Henry Fords, and searching hungrily for people who will consent to receive them. It is even possible that we shall see Americans raising families again, both because they can afford to and because they need children to do the work. All these possibilities are uncertain, but it is a fact that the prospect is full of novelties, and that Chief Justice White should be left in peace to crank his court and get it running smoothly before we come to any bad places in the road.



IT was Architect Cram who predicted before the war that the social machinery of the world was about to break down and that we should presently have something like a recurrence

of "the great Christian Middle Ages." One hears it rumored that it looks nowadays to Mr. Cram as though the Dark Ages would get us, which would seem to mean that things have got to be worse before they are better.

Any way, so that due proportion of the human beings get due improvement in the process. The burden of good times and the solace of bad times are the same—that they can't last. The old round is somewhat weary, but if the world has got to tread it again, why repine? There will be young feet to do it, and young feet like any road.

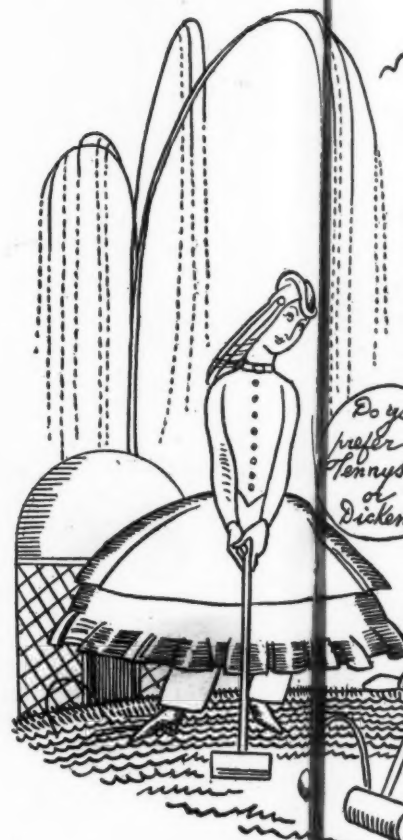
But meanwhile the war news is pretty good—so far as one can judge what good is. The Allies seem to be doing very well on all fronts, and to those of us who think the Germans must be beaten before the war can end, the war's end looks a little nearer.

Judge Hughes is out on the warpath somewhere, exterminating Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson is still too busy with strike matters and Congress to get after him.

The case of Roger Casement is still much discussed, and the opinion is widely and confidently expressed that the British government made an irreparable mistake in hanging him. Mistakes seem to be the British government's long suit, but British infelicity is usually held to be Irish opportunity. If England has made a mistake, not she but Ireland will be the gainer, and so we would have it, for the desire to see Ireland's matters straightened out is very strong in this country. But Casement's mistakes were even graver than England's; so grave, indeed, as to be incomprehensible to his friends, of whom he had many devoted ones. He was an exceedingly attractive and interesting man, whose labors in the British consular service had been highly distinguished and humane. Retired after an honorable career, he suddenly turned traitor and went off on a wild goose chase disastrous to Home Rule and to everyone concerned in it. It seemed inexplicable. Word comes that it is explained in a way in his diary, which has records covering ten years, showing shocking and pitiful mental degeneracy. His mind was probably used up.

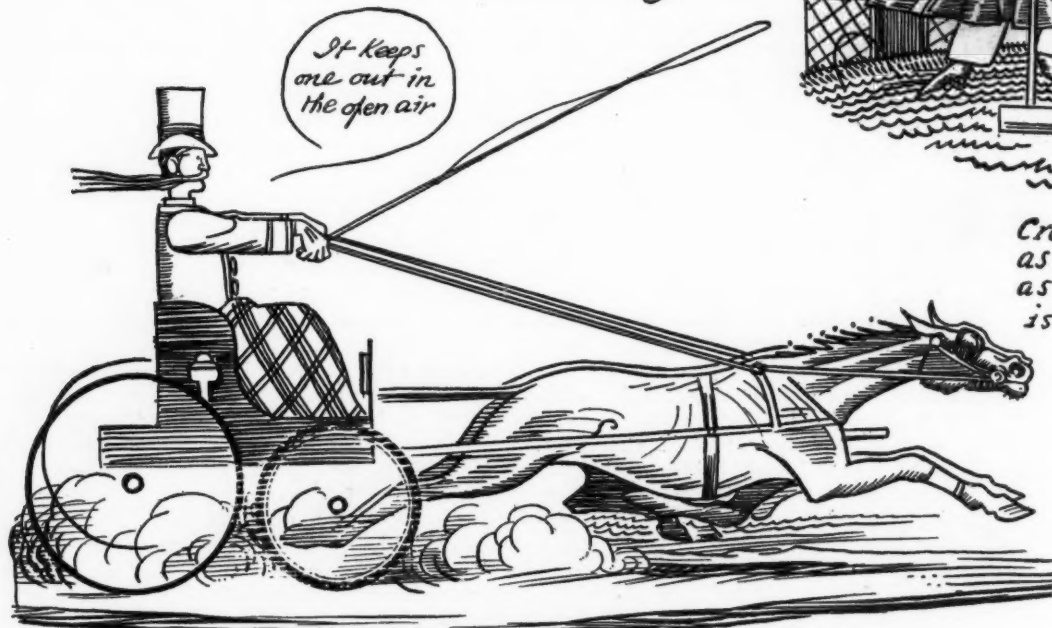


He did not buy
her high-balls
but sought her
favor thusly



Do you
prefer
Tennys
or
Dickens

Croquet was
as exciting then
as golf or tennis
is today



A spanking team took the place of a twin-six

We Revive the Fashions of Other Days



The family album as a stimulant before dinner

307 Babies

IT would take a strong imagination to make a concrete mental picture of the good done and the misery and unhappiness averted by the contributions of LIFE's generous readers to this fund for the relief of the destitute French war orphans. The money sent to the Orphelinat des Armées up to the present writing means that in more than three hundred humble homes, scattered all over France, widowed mothers are spared the agony of having their little children taken from them to be committed to the less tender care of public institutions. Our readers may be sure that they are sharing in the gratitude of the bereaved families that are kept together through their generosity.

We have received \$12,364.43, from which 116,612.14 francs have been remitted to the Orphelinat.

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the Orphelinat des Armées, an organization officered by President Poincaré and other eminent French men and women. The Orphelinat has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined



"OH, EFFIE, I ATE YOUR ORANGE BY MISTAKE, BUT NEVER MIND, I'LL GIVE YOU HALF OF MINE."

until they amount to the larger sum. As fast as LIFE receives from the Orphelinat the names and addresses of the children and their mothers, with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Orphelinat with no deduction whatever for expenses.

We take pleasure in acknowledging from

T. D. Palmer, Syracuse, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 289 and 290.....	\$146
Mrs. H. A. Strong, Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 291.	73
Charles Cary Rumsey, Jr., Mary Averill Harriman Rumsey, Glen Head, L. I.; Gertrude Smith, Grace Rumsey Smith, James Russell Smith, Carlton M. Smith, Charles W. Goodyear, Jr., James Goodyear and Lawrence Rumsey, Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 292	73
H. D. Perrault, Peru, S. A., for Baby No. 293.....	73
Mrs. Henry D. Prescott, New Bedford, Mass., for Baby No. 294.....	73
N. T. Guernsey, New York City, for Baby No. 295..	73
Thomas Archibald Miller, Princeton, N. J., for Baby No. 296	73
Elizabeth Sargent Worthen, Hartford, Conn., for Baby No. 297	73
Emily F. Wheeler, Long Beach, Cal., for Baby No. 299.	73
Ellen Watson, Plymouth, Mass., for Baby No. 300....	73
Mrs. C. A. Barnard, Montreal, Canada, for Baby No. 301	73
Mildura Red Cross Society, Mildura, Victoria, Australia, for Baby No. 302.....	73
Miss Cameron's Concert, Mildura, Victoria, Australia, for Baby No. 303.....	73
Mrs. W. B. Choffey, Mildura, Victoria, Australia, for Baby No. 304	73
In memory of David L. Farnsworth, for Babies Nos. 305 and 306	146
Proceeds of a play written and produced by children at Hancock Point, Me., for Baby No. 307.....	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 242

Already acknowledged	\$56.13
"In Memory of John Brockman Seiffert, Alaska"....	10.00
Louise G. Johnson, Point Pleasant, N. J.....	5.00
R. E. K., Phoenix, Ariz.....	1.87
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 298

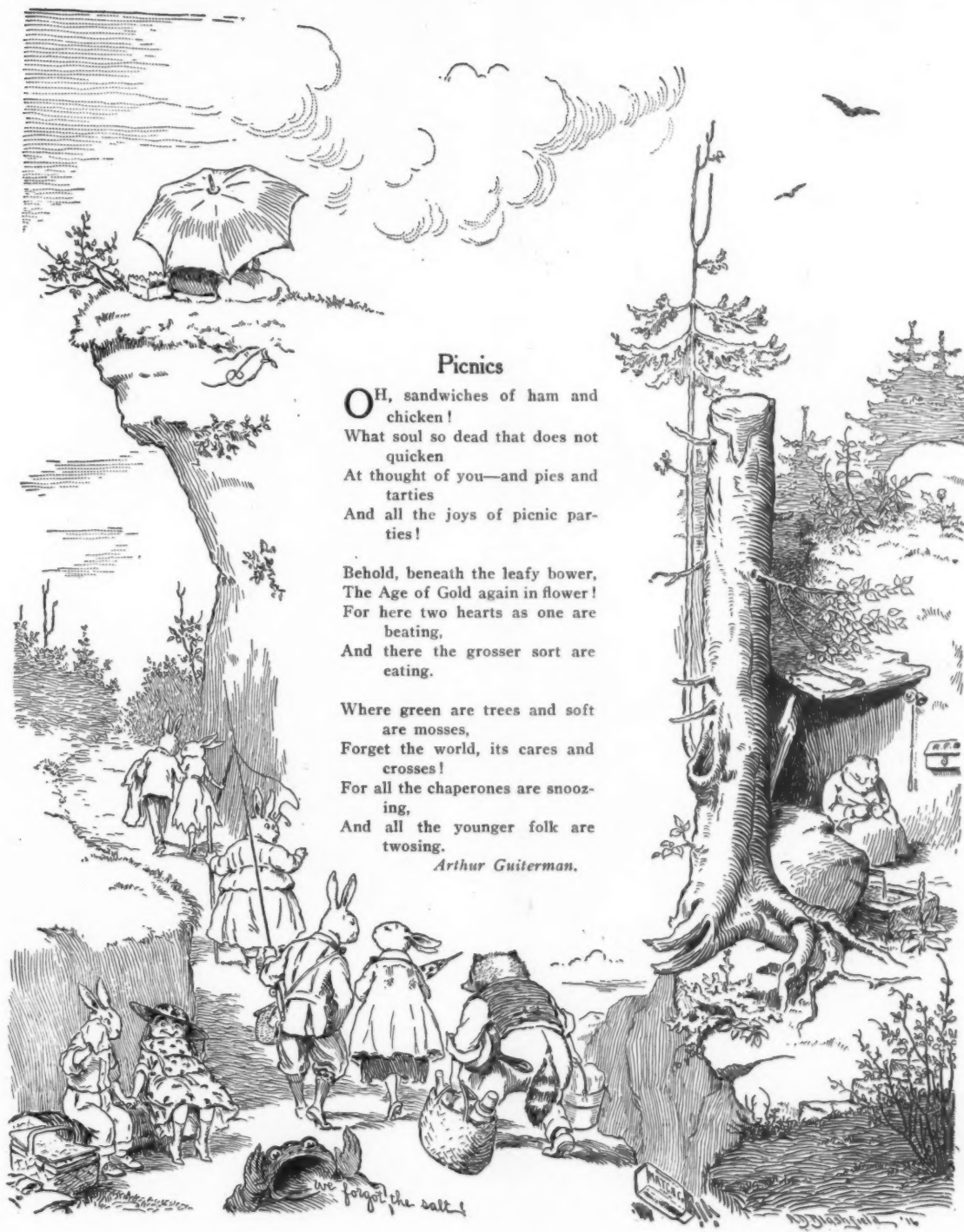
R. E. K., Phoenix, Ariz.....	\$2.13
A. R. G., San Mateo, Cal.....	10.00
Mrs. W. B. Choffey, Mildura, Victoria, Australia....	29.85
Louise F. Wickham, New York City.....	5.00
Florence E. Bellrose, Schenectady, N. Y.....	2.00
	\$48.98

No Cause for Alarm

OWING to the fact that the largest reflecting telescope in the world has just been installed at the Carnegie Observatory at Mount Wilson, we are now informed by astronomers that one hundred millions more of stars will be revealed.

We have never exactly been short of stars, there being enough apparently to go around the heavens. At the same time, several of them have of recent years disappeared, and several others have been receding from us quite rapidly, so that the knowledge of one hundred millions more now on hand, or in process of being seen, will be glad news for all.

To those who are anxious about the future this will come as a welcome relief.



Picnics

O H, sandwiches of ham and chicken!
What soul so dead that does not quicken
At thought of you—and pies and tarties
And all the joys of picnic parties!

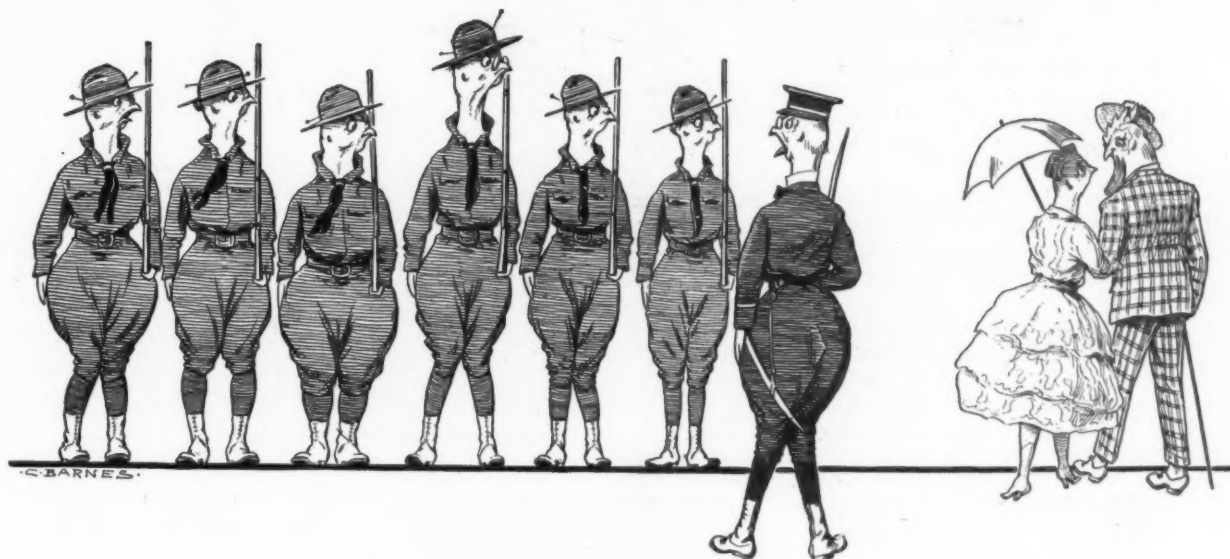
Behold, beneath the leafy bower,
The Age of Gold again in flower!
For here two hearts as one are beating,
And there the grosser sort are eating.

Where green are trees and soft are mosses,
Forget the world, its cares and crosses!
For all the chaperones are snoozing,
And all the younger folk are twosing.

Arthur Guiterman.



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE



VISITING DAY AT THE CAMP
Captain of the Awkward Squad: EYES RIGHT!



"He giveth his beloved sleep"

The Old Order Changeth

THE new political outlook—Whiskers.
The new staple commodity—Ammunition.
The new mark of undesirability—The hyphen.
The new form of exasperation—Note writing.
The new outdoor sport—Pageant giving.
The new national extravagance—Buying gasoline.
The new luxury—Paper.

An Epochal Discovery

A MEDICAL scientist shut himself up in his laboratory a short time ago with a large assortment of frogs and a number of butcher's instruments, and made the astounding and revolutionary discovery that frogs will survive a pressure of three hundred atmospheres, but that at four hundred atmospheres their muscles become disorganized. The extreme value of this startling bit of knowledge must be at once apparent, even to the lay mind. Reduced to simple and comprehensive terms, it means that if a sufficient number of atmospheres were to be piled on the earth with carelessness and abandon, the medical scientists would be flattened to the semblance of a manhole-cover; while the harmless and unassuming frog would still be leaping gaily about its business and lapping up the obnoxious fly and the elusive mosquito with the utmost *sang-froid*. Now that our curiosity regarding the frog's ability to resist large quantities of atmosphere has been satisfied, we find ourselves consumed with curiosity to know how many atmospheres are needed to disorganize the muscles of a medical scientist.

Kinship

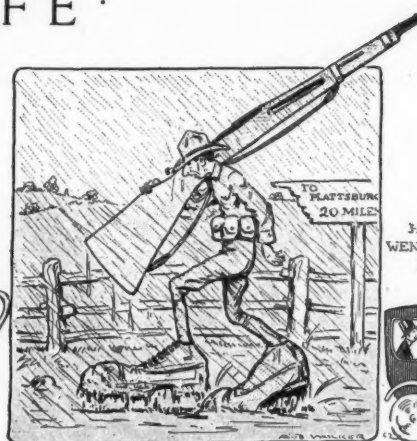
IF the song I spun of my sadness
Has lightened another's pain,
Then the hours that I spent in grieving
Shall not have been wholly vain.

If the song I spun of my gladness
Has quickened another's mirth,
Then the hours that I spent in laughter
Shall have had their bit of worth.

If either my joy or my sorrow
Has nourished another's heart,
Then I in Life's clamorous workshop
Shall have done my little part.

Charlotte Becker.

HE
NEVER CARRIED
ANYTHING BEFORE
BUT THIS



—AND
HE NEVER
WENT ANYWHERE
EXCEPT IN
THIS.

—AND REGGIE WENT TO PLATTSBURG



"STOP! GYP, STOP! THIS PICTURE IS FOR PUBLICATION."

The Trials of the Sandwiches

THE eighth Earl of Sandwich is dead, after a long life of suffering caused by the thoughtless act of his ancestor, the fourth Earl of Sandwich, who placed a piece of meat between two slices of bread one hot evening, and was thus enabled to sit on his front steps in his shirt-sleeves and eat his dinner without soiling his fingers. This form of food, which was promptly named a sandwich after its distinguished inventor, was not only destined to popularize the picnic, but was

also destined to prove a curse to his descendants. Whenever the fifth, sixth, seventh or eighth Earls of Sandwich attended a function at which sandwiches were served, they were invariably obliged to listen to a large number of mossy and antiquated jests on the subject of sandwiches. Persons, on being introduced to them, were very apt to inquire in a kittenish manner: "And is this the famous Sandwich who appears on so many menu cards?" Their political op-

ponents constantly referred to them as Ham Sandwiches or Cheese Sandwiches in their speeches, thus provoking loud and cacophonous outbursts of merriment. Their names were seldom mentioned in the papers without the qualifying statement that it was their ancestor who invented the sandwich. The very name of Sandwich made them so ill and weary that death usually came as a welcome respite. We should be very careful about attaching our names to anything like an automobile, a cigar or an article of food, lest those who come after us suffer from our lack of foresight. *K. L. R.*

Nothing Exceeds Like Daniels

NO sensible citizen will find fault with Mr. Daniels as a naval chief, because there is nothing naval about Mr. Daniels excepting his title. No sensible citizen will demand Mr. Daniels' removal because he is merely a misfit. There are many misfits more tolerable. But any sensible citizen will see that the chief objection to the Secretary of the Navy is that, notwithstanding his solicitude for the sailors' morals, and his fatal devotion to party prestige, he has the misfortune of getting on the nation's nerves.

"WHAT do you understand by suffering for righteousness' sake?" questioned the Sunday-school teacher. "Please, miss, it means havin' to come to Sunday school," answered little Jack.



Yellow

By George L. Catton

TUCK CARTER raised his head till his right eye came up over the square base of the whitestone pillar, and glanced out over the water. He was afraid—physically, sickeningly afraid.

Above him the crescent moon threw weird living shadows athwart the dusty road and down the ragged slope; smeared a sinister obscurity over the creaking wharves, and blazed a rippling highway across the bay. Up the coast somewhere the Paul Jones was plowing toward them under forced draft, coming to their aid. Tuck Carter knew that.

He had sat beside the operator upstairs and watched the blinding sparks leap the short gap on their lightning journey to San Diego for help. He had been standing in the road watching the refugees coming in from all quarters when the reply that the Paul Jones was coming was passed quietly around. It was only a matter of a few hours of waiting and watching; an hour or two of holding off a swarm of yellow greasers at the worst. Yet there was a hard little lump deep in his throat and an unnatural hungry feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was afraid, and he knew it. The knowledge of it weakened him.

He wasn't afraid of those yellow-skinned natives. Many times he had faced them with just his bare hands and laughed at their ineffectual efforts to protect their facial ugliness. And once—he had been half sorry for it afterward—he had held the two hands of one and kicked him in the shins repeatedly and often for drawing a knife in a game of penny ante. But this was different. Any minute those holes and smudges in the silent night might flash up with sudden, awful death. In his mind's eye he could see the flashes; in his mind's ears he could hear the whining lead go past his head. He imagined he could feel the sickening impact of the hot slug with his flesh when he pressed on his neck with his thumb. He could even imagine the grinding agony of the ripping, burning bullet as it tore on through the muscles and bones.

It was a new thing to him—this game of war. He had never been called on to face a coughing gun with two points of concentrated murder blazing above its stock. Even the unholy silence of the woe-breeding darkness seemed strained, portending. The lump in his throat was new; and the quivering in his stomach. He wished he had not volunteered for outside duty. Yet some one must protect those fellow countrymen.

He lowered his head and put his damp, hot face on the cool barrel of the rifle. Over on the left Bert Rowe crouched behind the parapet, mopped his face and cursed sibilantly at the heat. He wondered if Bert was afraid;

if he, too, had a bad stomach. Around the corner on the right Billy, the assistant operator, chewed tobacco—he could hear him spit; also his foot stuck out in the moonlight. All around the building the pick of the best rifle shots in the colony crouched behind pillar and parapet and watched the low houses and 'dobes across the street; peered into the condensed darkness that buried the trunks of the trees in the plaza, or searched with unblinking eyes the rocks and depressions in the slope below to the sea. Behind him, on the other side of the wall—he imagined he could see them—little groups of low-voiced men with pockets bulging, their cartridges rattling softly when they moved. Middle-aged matrons pacing up and down with nervous glances at the barred doors and heavily darkened windows; sleepy-eyed, hungry children tossing restlessly on cots and improvised beds, and the crying babies—all depending on him. And he was afraid! Afraid of the smashing, grueling, grinding bullet! Was Billy afraid, and the rest? Was Bert Rowe quaking in his inside? Everything new is so very new to nineteen healthy years.

He held his rifle out at arm's length and touched Bert on the hip. Bert lay flat down below the parapet and swung around on his stomach. He stretched himself out to meet Bert.

"Well?" whispered Bert.

He tried to swallow the lump, but it stuck.

"Wha—what's the time, Bert?"

Bert Rowe looked him straight in the eyes in the darkness, then he held his watch out in the moonlight.

"It's four, four and a half, exactly!" and Bert turned to go back, but he stopped and looked at him again.

"Want a chew of tobac—"

A greaser in the plaza started it!

Downstairs some one pulled aside a curtain for a glance out of the window and the gloom beneath the trees flashed up at the momentary shaft of light.

Five shots answered.

Then the swaying shadows in the road and the black pockets in the darkness split up into a hundred roaring flames. A string of roars like a ripping rag started at the far corner of the building and ran in a streak of lightning along the parapet as far as the pillar that sheltered Tuck Carter; Billy, the assistant operator, took it up again.

Tuck Carter raised his head, then he jerked it back again when his face touched the cold stock of his gun. Something struck the stone pillar and shrieked past his ear! He tried to swallow the lump, but his throat was dry and numb, and his stomach tried to come up instead. He

(Continued on page 332)

Rival Schoolmasters

ALONG of the fight of Roman Catholics against the inspection of Catholic institutions in New York that receive state money, the *New Republic* has an interesting article in which it accepts the issue as stated in a pamphlet called "A Campaign of Calumny," by Father Paul Blakely, S. J.

Father Blakely says:

Between the principles of Catholicism and the principles of modern sociology, upon which many unwary Catholics have looked with approval, there is an essential and irreconcilable antagonism.

That's the point, says the *New Republic*. Father Paul has got it right, and deserves cordial respect for his candor. "Modern sociology," as he sees it, is the beginning of an effort to formulate democracy as a positive ideal. Heretofore it has been negative.

The older, eighteenth-century view . . . thought of democracy as a vacuum in which all might compete for place. But twentieth-century democracy believes that the community has certain positive ends to achieve, and if they are to be achieved the community must control the education of the young. It believes that training in scientific habits of mind is fundamental to the progress of democracy; that freedom and tolerance mean the development of independent powers of judgment in the young, not the freedom of older people to impose their dogmas on the young. . . . It insists that the plasticity of the child shall not be artificially and prematurely hardened into a philosophy of life, but that experimental naturalistic aptitudes shall constitute the true education.

What experimental naturalistic aptitudes are, the unenlightened can only surmise, but if they constitute the new democracy's notion of education, one must find out.

And the choice of the future, as the *New Republic* seems to see it, is between the parochial schools and education by experimental naturalistic aptitudes!

It will appear to the unenlightened like a recurrence of the old, familiar situation between the devil and the deep sea, and one looks around for a tree to climb.

But is the choice really so limited as that? Is it to be a choice between what Jesuits and "older people" know and what is known to the *New Republic* and the modern sociologists?

Let us hope not: let us hope not. Let these rivals go to school to each other; the Jesuits and older people to the modern sociologists, and *vice versa*. No doubt both will learn much. But as for us, the people, why should our enquiring minds be regulated by either of these bosses? Is not all knowledge our kingdom? Shoo, Jesuits! Shoo, *New Republic*! We'll learn wherever we can find appetizing knowledge, even though some of it is second hand and has been in possession of the older people.

E. S. M.



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

STRENGTH that none can dispute, power that makes the car climb the steepest hill with comparative ease, endurance that has proved itself a thousand times over—these with its silent, silken-smooth performance, are features of the Series 17 Studebaker Six, at \$1085, that have earned for it the enviable reference as the biggest six cylinder value the motor car industry has ever known.

The car is built to give the quality of service that mountain trail and rugged motoring demand. To every

call for power, speed and flexibility there comes an immediate response that carries with it the assurance of perfection that can only be linked with the name of Studebaker. To equal this six in power, size and quality of materials, you must pay from \$200 to \$400 more.

Studebaker offers a complete line of high grade cars from \$850 to \$2600. Write for the cars and giving complete list of prices. All prices F. O. B. Detroit.

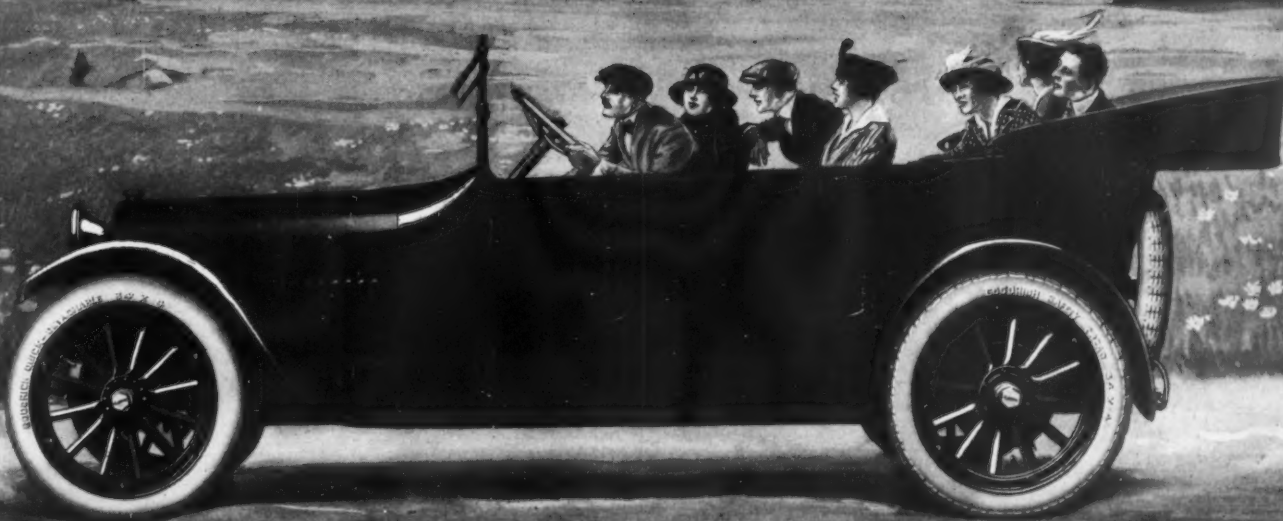
The Car of the Golden Chassis
Permanent exhibit of Studebaker cars in Marlborough-Blenheim Arcade, Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.



STUDEBAKER

South Bend, Ind. Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.
Address all correspondence to Detroit
More than 256,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold

50 Horse Power
7 passenger **SIX**
\$1085





A Vocational Back

A certain professor, who was a remarkably fine, well-built man, was staying at a village some time ago.

He happened to pass two men carting flour, and overheard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, who's that?"

"That's the professor what's staying here," was Bill's reply; "they say as how he's very learned."

"What a spoilt man," rejoined the other. "I never in my life see'd such a back for a sack of flour."—*Tit-Bits*.

TED: Tom is trying to raise money. I guess he has to remargin his stocks.

NED: Yes; he told me the war brides he invested in are calling for more alimony.—*The Lamb*.

THEY used to talk loosely about "deadly night air." Now that your neighbor has a phonograph, it is true!

—*Buffalo Express*.



"ALL DONE UP"

Safety in Numbers

"I have here," said the agent, "a utensil that no housekeeper can afford to be without."

"What is it?" asked the woman at the door.

"It's a combined corkscrew, can-opener, pocket-knife, screwdriver, tack-hammer, glass cutter and—"

"Hold on a minute. I don't want one of those things."

"Why not?"

"By keeping all those tools separate it is impossible for my husband to lose more than one at a time."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

No Choice in the Matter

A popular archdeacon whilst out one day with his dog and gun met a parishioner.

"I hope," said the archdeacon, "you attend church regularly and read your Bible?"

"I do read my Bible," replied the parishioner; and added, in a severe tone, "but I nowhere find that the Apostles went out shooting."

"No," said the archdeacon; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."—*Tit-Bits*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.
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The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.



Perrier
FRENCH NATURAL
SPARKLING
TABLE
WATER

THE most unprejudiced thing in the world is a refined palate, and American epicures were quick to acknowledge the subtle superiority of Perrier Water—the crystal-pure sparkling natural water that has so quickly captured the epicurean blue ribbon.

There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants and Grocers.

PERRIER, LTD. 515 Longacre Bldg.
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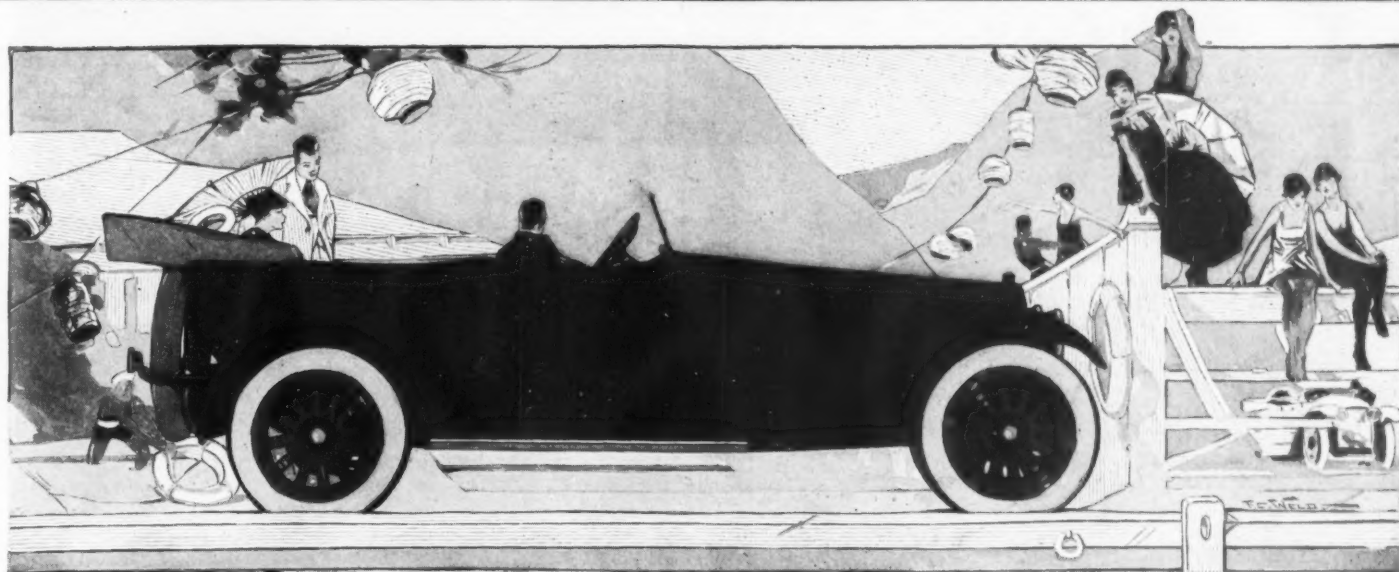
For a high-class High-ball—say PERRIER.



Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.



"WHY BOBBIE COULDN'T REMEMBER THE TEXT"



26 Extra Features

73 New Attractions

7 New-Type Bodies

Mitchell

MID-YEAR
MODEL

\$1325 f. o. b. Racine

For Standard Models

127-inch Wheelbase

Now 55,000 Friends

Experts, the World Over, Own Bate-Built Cars

Over 55,000 men are now driving Mitchells built under John W. Bate, the efficiency expert.

Most of them, our dealers say, seem to know mechanics. Many are noted engineers. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of famous owners.

This seems to be so the world over. Mitchell buyers are largely experts. Now we wish to argue that this engineers' favorite is the car for laymen too.

A Lifetime Car

What these experts seek is a lifetime car. And that is what you should seek.

Five years have proved that this Light Six type is going to be the car of the future. Despite all innovations, it has constantly gained popularity. The great majority of the best engineers consider it the permanent standard.

So men who buy this type today should buy their cars to keep. Most such men, when they know the facts, will choose a Bate-built car.

The Bate Standards

Mr. Bate's standards, employed in the Mitchell, call for 50 per cent over-

strength. He applies them to every part. And, by countless tests and inspections, he sees that we get them.

There are 440 parts in the Mitchell which are either drop-forged or steel-stamped. They are three times as strong as castings.

All the main strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium steel. The steering parts, driving parts, axles and gears are entirely of that steel.

The Bate cantilever springs, used in the Mitchell, have a perfect record. Not one has ever broken. Think of that.

As a result of those standards, one Bate-Built Mitchell has run 218,734 miles. It's a good car yet. Six have averaged 164,372 miles each, or over 30 years of ordinary service. We

learn of one which has run 150,000 miles at a cost of \$8.90 for repairs.

Extras Without Cost

You get these standards at the Mitchell price because of this wonderful factory. It was built and equipped by Mr. Bate to produce this car at minimum cost. It has reduced our factory costs by 50 per cent.

You also get in the Mitchell 26 extra features, paid for by factory savings. They will cost us this year over \$2,000,000. Each is something you would miss. They all come in the Mitchell without extra price.

Lavish Luxury

You find in the Mitchell every new touch, every new idea that is popular. This Mid-Year Mitchell has 73 attractions which even our Show-time model lacked. It is the most complete car, the most up-to-date car you see.

Mitchell bodies are finished in 22 coats. They are upholstered in French-finished leather. They have a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables—every dainty appointment known.

The Mitchell is known as "The Engineers' Car," because of mechanical perfections. But these facts, we argue, should appeal to every fine-car buyer. When one car offers so much extra value, it deserves to be your choice.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, INC.

Successor to Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.

Racine, Wis., U. S. A. (98)

\$1325 F. o. b. Racine

**For 5-Passenger Touring Car
or 3-Passenger Roadster**

7-Passenger Touring Body \$35 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment, including 26 extra features.

Also Five Types of Closed Bodies.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Universal Mania

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to the world has said
In thunder tones inspiring awe:
"They really ought to pass a law"?
—*The Sun*.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

To Help Him Out

"You are lying so clumsily," said the observant judge to a litigant who was making a dubious statement of his case, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."—*Browning's Magazine*.

In or Out?

KNICKER: The campaign issue will be Mexico.

BOCKER: But the President himself does not know whether Mexico is an issue or an entrance.—*The Sun*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

PATER: Who is making that infernal jangle on the piano?

MATER: That's Constance at her exercise.

PATER: Well, for heaven's sake, tell her to get her exercise some other way.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"HUBBY, I've often heard you speak about your salad days."

"Yes, my dear."

"Can't you help me make a salad for my reception? I must have one, and I know nothing about the dreadful things."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

GORDON BEVERAGES—GIN RICKEY. Directions: 1 piece of ice in glass, Juice of half a Lime, drop squeezed Lime in glass, Drink Gordon Dry Gin, fill glass with fizz water. Stir with spoon and serve.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
S. Anagiro's
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

"Godowski"
has made a wonderful record of Liszt's Concert Etude Number Two (N.14184) for piano-players on
RYTHMODIK
RECORD MUSIC ROLLS
Ask your music dealer to play this for you—hear Godowski himself.
Write for complete catalogue and monthly bulletins of new Rythmodiks. Address Dept. A.
AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
437 Fifth Avenue New York

"A MILLIONAIRE boasts that he leads the simple life."

"I doubt it."

"What are your ideas on the subject?"

"Well, when a person sleeps in a hall bedroom, eats in a cafeteria, wears a nine-dollar suit of clothes, and never sees a movie show that costs more than a nickel, I should say he was leading the simple life."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Shrewd Sportsman (who has bought a string of fish): HA! HA! NOW YOU PROMISE TO SWEAR THAT YOU SAW ME CATCH THEM!

"YOU BET I WILL! THEM FISH IS OUT O' SEASON, AN' HERE COMES THE GAME WARDEN."

CARSTAIRS RYE
Since 1788, a shining example of "Made in America" quality.
In the protective bottle—"a good bottle to keep good whiskey good."



Cupid: WHERE TO?

An Amusing Incident

IT was really a good joke on Dr. Cureham O. Bosh.

The superintendent of the female ward, Dr. Mohr Sufferen, had courteously turned over to Dr. Paupersterror a young Swedish patient for experiment. She had a broken leg, but was a perfectly healthy person—an ideal subject for "material." So Dr. Paupersterror inoculated her with his pet serum, a sure cure for heart failure. Now it happened, funnily enough, that Dr. Cureham O. Bosh mistook her for one of his own patients and inoculated her with his favorite serum, an unfailing dispenser of paralysis. Both of these "cures" had, so far, always killed the patient, but, while in this case



Fine for Mixed Drinks

A MIXED drink depends for its flavor on the goodness of its ingredients.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

blends excellently with other liquors making it invaluable for mixed drinks. Possesses a distinctive flavor and a rare aromatic bouquet that serves to enrich cocktails and other mixtures. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.





The H.A.L. Twelve

THE apparent fact that the "H. A. L. TWELVE" is designed, primarily, to realize the fullest measure of motor-ing comfort will impress you.

The long wheelbase and deep, wide seats, luxuriously upholstered, provide comfortable roominess for the seven pas-sengers. The spring suspension gives you a floating motion on the roughest roads. The vast power and flexibility are easily controlled and shifting of gears is virtually never necessary. You will find, upon inspection, that the "H. A. L. TWELVE" is a car with all the character, worth and merit that have been claimed for it.

Twelve Cylinders, Seven Passenger Touring Car
Price \$2100 f. o. b. Cleveland
Roadster, \$2300 f. o. b. Cleveland
Wheelbase 135 inches

The H. A. Lozier Company
Cleveland, Ohio



there was no possibility of recovery, the manner of death might prove an interesting study.

And then—along came the joke on Dr. Bosh.

When the unsuspecting young woman died three days later from an entirely unknown cause, Bosh felt that his serum had warded off all the fatal diseases with which we were already familiar. He lost no time in darting for the ladder of Fame, and got Medikall Tyrms, M.D., to write a thrilling account of his discovery for the *Fakirs' Monthly*. But when he found that Dr. Paupersterror not only claimed the glory, but had already published the joyous tidings in the

columns of the ever-ready *New York Chimes*, under the heading "Hope for the Hopeless"—well, his face fell a yard. His fury was comic. Merry peals of laughter are still reverberating through the halls of Devil's Own Hospital.

PHILANTHROPIC VISITOR (to jail-bird): My friend, may I ask what brought you here?

JAIL-BIRD: The same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window.—*Tit-Bits*.

Yellow

(Continued from page 325)

shoved the rifle over the square stone base and felt for the trigger. A dark figure left a pile of rock on the slope and started across to the 'dobes. He pulled the trigger. The figure rose up in the air and fell on its head. He laughed. The lump went out of his throat.

All around him the night became a roaring intermittent flame that held no human note. Across the road and down the slope dark forms flitted across the patches of moonlight. He pulled the trigger again. The gun didn't kick. He filled the magazine, wondering how it had got empty so quick. He didn't think he had fired but once; he couldn't remember pulling the trigger but once. He shoved the rifle out again and searched for the point on the muzzle. Then it came. That sudden silence, that unaccountable dead stopping of all sound; that instantaneous hush in the roar of battle when every gun is still. The world stood still. For just an æon of a moment the earth lay dead. Then somewhere behind him a baby wailed. He jumped to his feet!

He didn't hear Bert Rowe's yells or Billy's downward waving, frantic hand. All he saw was the bright sights on the rifle that swung from side to side against the blacker spots that moved in the shadows. All he felt was the increasing kick of the dirty gun, and the wail of the child in his brain. Even the dull throb in his stomach didn't matter. From side to side he jerked the complaining rifle and pulled the trigger.

Around him the whining lead beat a staccato roar on the stone wall. Twice he emptied the magazine, and twice he refilled it. Once he slipped on a shell and laughed. After that he tried not to laugh—it hurt his stomach. His head ached and his right arm was getting weak from the kick of the gun, but somehow it didn't matter. His legs were getting shaky at the knees where they pressed against the parapet. He shook off his hat and turned his eyes up the bay. Away, on the darker

The Forget-me-not
of Gift

HAVONE

HAVONE

THE man on the Avenue—particular in everything—has enthusiastically welcomed the Havone Cigarette Case.

The mussiness of the ordinary case—with its fingered contents—cigarettes crushed, bent and broken—never appealed to his sense of fitness.



The Havone keeps his cigarettes clean and straight—each in a separate compartment—and

adds immeasurably to the grace of "passing the smokes."

The Havone is filled as easily and quickly as the ordinary case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in Sterling Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, 10K Gold and 14K Gold—Prices, \$5 up.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$5 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a postcard for one of our handsome catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION

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21-23 Maiden Lane

NEW YORK

The Top
of Your
Head

should be covered with a natural growth of hair, and it can be—if roots are not dead. **Dandruff**

can be removed and grey hair arrested through our Physical Culture Exercises and local treatment for the scalp.

Write for information

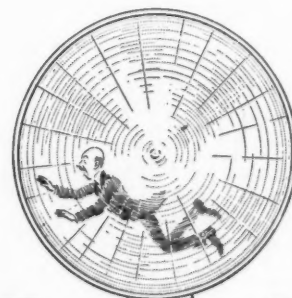
Grace-Mildred Culture Course

Dept. 33, 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

**The
Original
Malted Milk**
Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible



The powder dissolves in water. Needs no cooking—Keep it on hand. Rich Milk, Malted grain extract in powder. For Infants, Invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers, and the aged. The Original Food-Drink for all ages. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc. In the home, or at Hotels and Cafes. Substitutes cost YOU Same Price.



HOME



Wife: OF COURSE YOU HAVE TO WORK HARD, BUT LOOK AT THE VIEW YOU'VE GOT.

line of the horizon, a long shaft of light waved backward and forward. It hurt his eyes. A long cheer went up behind him; he joined in it. But no sound came out of his throat. He knelt down and filled the magazine again, wondering why the flashes across the road had all gone out so suddenly. He laid his head against the stone base and closed his eyes; he was so sleepy, so weary.

The firing ceased altogether. Another long cheer went up around him. A big gun boomed across the bay below. He smiled.

Bert Rowe, one arm hanging useless at his side, came over and looked down into his face. Over in the east the first gray streaks of the new day edged up on the horizon. Bert knelt down and ripped open Tuck Carter's shirt. Billy, the assistant operator, got down beside him. Bert looked up.

"Shot in the stomach when he stood up," he said gently. "Bled to death inside with his gun roaring at his shoulder; and I thought he was yellow! Hell!"

THE poor girl was weeping bitterly and, worse than that, the salt tears were taking all the starch out of her pretty summer dress. She had forgotten to order LIFE in advance from the newsdealer, and he had sold out.

You know the difference between politeness and real enthusiasm. Notice which your guests show when you serve

Club Cocktails

There is something about their velvet smoothness and their distinctive flavor which marks them at once as perfect blends, served by a man who knows.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

*Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE*

For Every Hot, Dry Throat

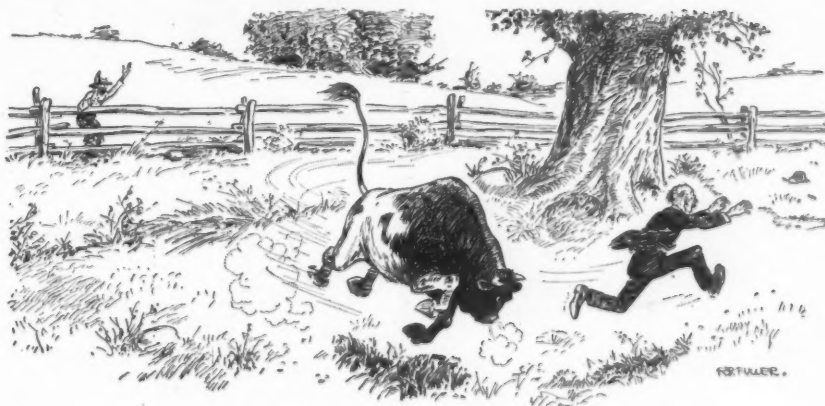
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is just the drink you thirst for. You only need to drink one bottle to know why it is sold in every state and in nearly every town.

Grocers—canny, careful grocers—who will have nothing to do with "pop" and "soft drinks," have put in a case or two of Clicquot as an experiment.

And the next thing we know they are buying dozens of cases at a time, because they find that their very best trade wants a really high grade summer beverage of character and Clicquot Club Ginger Ale fills the bill. Ask your grocer or druggist to send up a case.

The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko
GINGER ALE



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MISTER! JEST KEEP AWAY FROM HIS HEAD AN' HE WON'T HURT YE."



Pétrole Hahn
Cleanses and Improves Hair

THE efficiency of Pétrole Hahn as a Beautifier for the hair is due to the natural petroleum contained. It imparts to the hair that well-cared-for appearance which adds fascination to the whole personality, and leaves the scalp immaculately clean. We hope you will try it.

PARK & TILFORD
Sole Agents New York
Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00 at dealers
or by parcel post



The Great Tyrannosaurus

A FOSSILIFEROUS FABLE

THE Great Tyrannosaurus
Lived centuries ago;
Through marshes wet and porous
He rambled to and fro.

The most tremendous Lizard
That ever browsed on meat,
His length from A to Izzard
Was forty-seven feet.

The Great Tyrannosaurus
In habitude was not
What one would call decorous—
He ate an awful lot.

Lamellibranchs in sixes,
Iguanodons to spare
And Archaeopteryxes
Comprised his bill of fare.

The Great Tyrannosaurus
Of all the world was king;
With trumpeting sonorous
He swallowed everything.

When everything was swallowed
Beneath the azure sky,



Modern Product (to Tempus, the sculptor): AH, I SEE—THIS IS ONE OF YOUR EARLIER WORKS.

What naturally followed?—
The Creature had to die.

The Great Tyrannosaurus,
That was so blithe and free,
Hath passed away before us;
Then learn from him and me:

This earth can never nourish
An appetite like his;
So if you hope to flourish
Don't gobble all there is!

Arthur Guiterman.

Time to Call One Now

"MOTHER, is it true that an apple
a day keeps the doctor away?"
"Yes, Jimmie. Why?"
"Cause if it is, I kept about ten
doctors away this morning."

"MRS. CLINNICK thinks a great deal
of her husband."

"You've got the wrong preposition.
Make it 'for' instead of 'of.'"

—Browning's Magazine.

VOGUE

suggests:

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes,
before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult
its great Autumn and Winter Fashion Numbers.

THE MILLINERY NUMBER

(READY NOW)

is the first of the autumn fashion series. During the next few months, while these numbers are appearing, you will be spending hundreds of dollars for the suits, hats, gowns, and accessories that you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

\$2 Invested in Vogue

a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown

Will Save You \$200

Consider, then, that by the simple act of mailing the coupon below, and at your convenience forwarding \$2 (a tiny fraction of your money loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown) you insure the correctness and economy of nearly a whole year's wardrobe.

Not only will you have before you now—at this important season—Vogue's Great Autumn Fashion Numbers, but you will also have the benefit of Vogue's fashion guidance in selecting your wardrobe all through the Winter and Spring.

Here Are Your 12 Numbers:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Autumn Millinery Sept. 1 | Christmas Gifts Dec. 1 |
| The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures. | Vogue's solution of the Christmas gift problem. A new idea. |
| Forecast of Autumn Fashions Sept. 15 | Holiday Number Dec. 15 |
| The earliest and most authentic forecast of the Winter mode. | More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining. |
| Paris Openings Oct. 1 | Lingerie Number Jan. 1 |
| The complete story of the Paris openings, establishing the mode. | Fine linen for personal use and for the household. |
| Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Oct. 15 | Motor and Southern Jan. 15 |
| First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means. | The new fashions in motor cars and the new wardrobe for the southern season. |
| Winter Fashions Nov. 1 | Forecast of Spring Fashions Feb. 1 |
| Showing the mode in its Winter culmination—charming models smart courtiers evolve for their private clientele. | Earliest authentic news of Spring styles. Fully illustrated. |
| Vanity Number Nov. 15 | Spring Millinery Feb. 15 |
| Those graceful little touches that make the smart woman smart, where to get them and how to use them. | Hats, bonnets and toques from the famous milliners of Paris. |

*Spring Patterns (See Special Offer) Mar. 1.
Working models for your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

The Vogue gowned woman never follows the fashion; she leads it.



© Vogue

*SPECIAL OFFER

THE Millinery Number of Vogue is now ready. If you mail the coupon and enclose \$2 now, we will start your subscription to Vogue with the Millinery Number and send you 12 additional numbers, making in all 13 issues of Vogue.

(OR) If it is more convenient for you to open a charge account with us, send us the coupon now without money. We will start your subscription to Vogue with the Millinery Number and send you 11 additional numbers, making in all 12 numbers of Vogue.

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Send me 13 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Millinery number, for which I enclose \$2 herewith. (OR) Send me 12 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Millinery Number, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill Oct. 1st.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
LIFE 8-2476

Modern Improvements in New York

ACCORDING to a report in the New York Times the Rockefeller Institute on the east side of Lake Carnegie, near Princeton, will be opened in September, and among other improvements will contain ample accommodations for all animals experimented upon. It does not mention any other animals beside horses, but presumably there will be suites of rooms (with private bath) for all dogs, cats and monkeys.

How are these animals obtained? Are they stealthily caught or stolen, bought in the open market or bred? And what happens to them once they become incarcerated in this Princeton branch of the main Hall of Agony in New York? Are they first tried for their crimes by a judge and jury and then condemned to be tortured, or is the whole affair a secret one, entirely independent of state supervision?

TUESDAY is the cheeriest day in all the cheery week, if you have been wise enough to tell your newsdealer to be sure and have your copy of LIFE for you regularly.

37⁴/₁₀ Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline

The greatest official mileage ever received with a Ford. A model T 1915 Ford, carrying three passengers and weighing 2170 lbs., made 37 4/10 miles on one gallon of gasoline in an official test observed by a member of the A. A. A. at Chicago. Then accelerated to 43 miles an hour without changing the adjustment.

New Stromberg Carburetor for FORDS

Every Ford needs the New Stromberg for economy, speed, power, acceleration and easy starting in coldest weather. Only \$18 complete with all attachments. Mail the coupon.

New STROMBERG Does it!

CARBURETOR

Stromberg Motor Devices Co., Dept. B., Chicago, Ills.

Please send free literature and details of your money back plan.

Name

St. Add. or R. F. D.

City.....State.....

Enclose \$18 if you want one now, on money back guarantee.

Vafiadis CIGARETTES

Perveyed to the Household of the Khedive, the Imperial Court of Austria-Hungary, His Royal Highness Prince Philip of Sax-Coburg-Gotha, the Imperial Court of Japan, etc. etc. the principal clubs and the regimental messes of India, Burmah and Canada

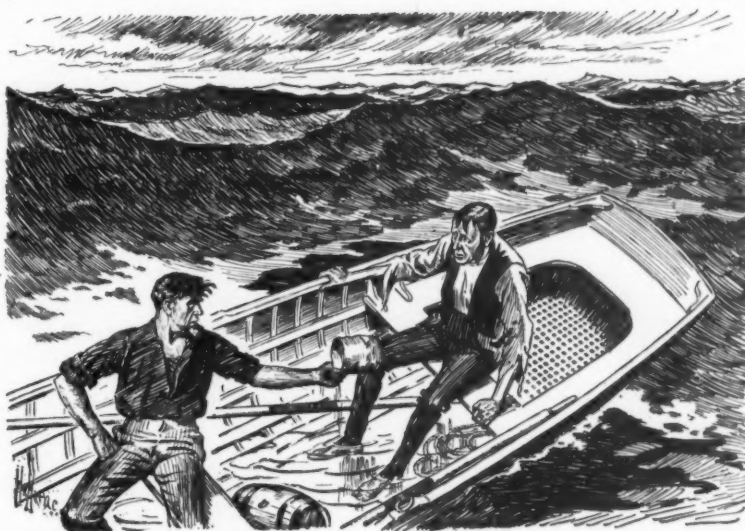


Those Americans who have smoked our Vafiadis (Vah-fee-ah-dis) Cigarettes abroad may now obtain them in the United States — because to Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, who import them, we have also given the sole right to manufacture them from our Cairo formula.

Theodoro Vafiadis & Co.

CALCUTTA · BOMBAY · LONDON · RANGOON · CAIRO

Packages of 10, 25c. Tins of 100, \$2.50. Imported sizes higher in price. To be had at the better places, or mailed postage paid on receipt of price. Address, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 213 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



"HERE, GUV'NOR, IT'S YOUR TURN TO BAIL. I'LL PRAY FOR A WHILE"



CRÊME YVETTE

(Pronounced E-vet)

"For Smart Desserts"

When the occasion calls for an ice or a dessert, something unusual is anticipated by the guests.

And you can give it to them by serving a delicious Crème Yvette sherbet, parfait, Charlotte or jelly. The inviting violet colour and refreshing violet taste make it distinctively different from any other ice or dessert. A delicious hotweather refreshment—at the afternoon reception or evening dance.

Crème Yvette is sold at 80c and \$1.50 per bottle by fancy grocers and wine dealers.

Book of signed recipes by well-known chefs sent free. Write for it now.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY

7th Ave. at 14th Street
New York



MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Thing for Trainsickness
AT ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

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Guiding a Boy

BOOKS which define the relationship between a boy and his father are on the increase. It would appear that writers and publishers have discovered that there is a demand for this kind of information. Thus we have the beginning of what may be termed a father-and-son cult. Fathers are duly admonished about how to treat their boys, when to be firm, when to be sympathetic, and so on. A writer in the *New York Times* has expressed admirably what is the duty of a father, emphasizing the fact that, as a general rule, fathers are likely to leave the training of their boys too much to the mother.

The reason why this is such good advice, however, is because of the effect upon the father, rather than upon the son. Every father can make a man out of himself if he has a boy around to look after. It is an open question whether it is not possible for a father, by interfering too much with a boy, to help produce a boy who might be better off if he were not manhandled quite so much. In the training of a boy the best thing a father can do is to begin right away on himself and not be overanxious about the boy.

The first thing that will happen to the father under these conditions will be to take account of his own stock. He will inevitably have to face himself. He cannot dodge the issue. If he has gradually gotten to be an unconscious liar without knowing it, he will begin to realize it as soon as he examines his own personal fitness to guide his boy. If he has been for years shirking his moral and civic responsibilities but going about all the time with the reputation for being a respectable person, he will immediately discover just how much of a hypocrite he is, as soon as he starts out to be a boy-guide. There is no critic in the world like a boy in your own family. Compared with him, and so far as you, his father, are concerned, Sherlock Holmes is a baby in arms. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about his judgments of you is the fact that they are rarely expressed. The boy's silence is, as an indictment, more telling than that of any grand jury.

But this is not all. Beyond it lies a higher kind of criticism, and one which strikes deeper than pen can probe or brush can paint or tongue can express. And that is when the boy begins to imitate your faults. This is the last punishment of every father.

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to do, therefore, is not to read books telling them how to bring up their boys, but to train themselves up in the way they should go. But the process must be genuine. Otherwise they will tend to produce the kind of a boy they are themselves—a boy who may seem to be all right outside, but who will lie down and howl in a crisis like a gun-shy dog in a thunder-storm.

T. L. M.



The voice is many times more or less an expression of character. A well-modulated speaking or singing voice should belong to every young lady. It instantly conveys an impression of refinement. There are many good schools where voice culture is made an important part of the year's work.

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The Latest Books

FOR divers to go down fathoms deep and drag oozy chests from sunken ships and spill clinking gold on dry decks in the sun—ah! *that's* the life! Is there anyone present who hasn't always thought so? Well, a thing no whit less thrilling—the discovery, thirty years deep in undeserved oblivion, of so clinking and golden a tale as "The Purple Land" (Dutton, \$1.50), by W. H. Hudson, and the bringing out of an American edition of it—has just happened right here in New York, and lovers of salvaged treasure are advised to have a look at it. "The Purple Land" is Uruguay; the time of the story, the 1860's; its subject, the adventures of a young Englishman looking for employment in the hinterland of Montevideo; its magic, the distilling of the very elixir of romance from what looks like the most realistic of journals. The rediscovery of W. H. Hudson, whose "Green Mansions" appeared earlier in the year, is already one of the nice happenings of 1916. "The Purple Land" clinches it.

HOWEVER, there is romance and romance. Most people do not think they are getting it unless he marries the girl. And some demand, in addition, at least three narrow squeaks: one with Death, one with a Female Temptress, and one with the capital V'd Villain whose thumb-mark must, later, be given to the police. And it is for these Shylocky persons who want to be well pounded by romance that Francis William Sullivan has written "Star of the North" (Putnam, \$1.35). This is a tale of adventure in the present-day hinterland of northern Canada, where a movie company doing a multiple-reel thriller of the wilderness no sooner discovers a Hudson's Bay Company's factor's unkissed daughter than loves, lusts, rivalries, jealous wives, heroic deeds and final felicity flare up out of the situation like balls from a roman candle.

E. F. BENSON'S "David Blaize" (Doran, \$1.35) is the story of an English schoolboy's life at a private, and later at a public, school, and is written in the quiet and matter-of-fact style of direct narration that the author reserves for his most personally felt and least pot-boiled tales. In American fiction, the schoolboy hero invariably starts in by being a "limb" and ends up by being a leader. But *David* holds, throughout, the middleground of schoolboy character and accomplishment; gaining, as he does gain, our liking, and holding, as he does, our interest, by the genuine and typical charm of his fine boy-ness.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, critic, travelogist, biographer of Whistler and wife of Joseph Pennell the etcher, has published a volume of reminiscences called "Nights" (Lippincott, \$3.00) which is full of interesting thumb-nail sketches and comment upon writers and artists and other well-known people who, during the past thirty years, have shared the after-work hours of the Pennells' evenings with them. Rome and Venice in the late eighties (when the Pennells were tricycling about Europe doing magazine commissions) and London and Paris in the nineties (when W. E. Henley and his friends and Whistler were among the frequenters of the Pennells' quarters) form the backgrounds of the book. The sketch of Henley is of especial interest.

ANYONE who watches life closely enough to write such fiction as Dorothy Canfield's "Hillsboro People" and "The Bent Twig" is pretty certain to be worth listening to when offering observations on practical living, as Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher does in a volume contributed to the Childhood and Youth Series called "Self-Reliance" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.00). This deals in a systematic and practical manner with the successive problems, from babyhood to adolescence, and varying according to the family income, of developing initiative, self-reliance and responsibility in city children; and offers the only practical suggestions yet made for teaching self-help to steam-heated, butler-fed, duplex-apartment kids.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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Dress

IN all animals, except humans, the male is more gorgeous in appearance than the female. It is the male who attracts the opposite sex by his fine looks. This is the law of life and its continuance.

The reverse is true in the human race. Woman attracts. Her appearance means to her life and the continuation of life. Her passion for dress is primal.

Every man who has had a sister, a mother, a wife or a daughter has marveled at the depth of interest women have in clothes. Not some women; all women.

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